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SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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THERE is still another characteristic of the Bible, which we ought to remark on before we conclude, to do it that full justice which the subject demands. I refer to that claim which is set up for the Scriptures as containing an *interior sense*, or a hidden and spiritual meaning beneath the mere letter of the word, which redeems it from much that would otherwise appear absurd and insignificant, and is in fact the only *safe* way to a vindication of the importance and inspiration of the Bible. Swedenborg is to be credited for most of the discovery in this line, though it has prevailed among all theologians, more or less, and has entered largely into the various commentaries and interpretations of the Scriptures. In the earlier ages of the church, as was remarked in a previous article, this tendency to allegorizing and spiritualizing was excessive. Hardly any, of any note, for several centuries, who undertook to say any thing in a learned way of the Scriptures, but sought for the hidden and mystical sense—the interior wisdom—that which lay wholly underneath the letter, as constituting nearly all for which the Scriptures were valuable. Only one writer need be mentioned, and that is Origen, a man of most incredible acquirements and labor, who strenuously maintained that the chief wisdom of the Scriptures lay beneath the letter. "He alleged," to quote the words of Mosheim, "the words of Scripture were in many places absolutely void of sense; and that though in others there were indeed certain notions contained under the outward terms according to their literal force and import, yet it was not in these that the true meaning of the sacred writers was to be sought, but in a mysterious and hidden sense arising from the nature of the things themselves." And he adds, "*A prodigious number of interpreters, both in this and in the succeeding ages, followed the method of Origen, though with some variation; nor could the few who explained the sacred writings with judgment, and a true spirit of criticism, oppose with any success, the torrent of allegory that was overflowing the church.*"

Thus we see that Swedenborg was not the first who attempted an explanation of the Scriptures in this way, but the practice was almost universal in the earlier ages of the Church. But the chief difference between Swedenborg and all preceding writers, lies in this—that he claimed a special illumination for the purpose of revealing the interior sense of the Word, and also to have discovered the *law* by which the Scriptures were written in constant uniformity with the principles of correspondence between material and spiritual things. And we would here remark that it would indeed be singular, if all this mountain of allegory grew out of nothing; and it is not to be supposed for a moment, that so much would have been written and so truly,

indeed so formidable, so captivating, many times, not only to the spiritual man, but to the philosopher, who looks to principles and causes,—unless there is some truth in the pretension of Origen, that the hidden and mysterious sense of the Scriptures is to be sought in "the nature of the things themselves."

But such a principle being admitted, it is no wonder it ran into endless mystifyings, so called spiritualizings, and that the Church was really "overflowed with a torrent of allegory." For, unless the principle be not only founded in Nature—in the really existing correspondence or analogy between things natural or material, and things spiritual, and unless some unvarying *law* be discovered by which to guide so vast a machinery of interpretation, literally *no end* could be put to the real and fanciful explanations of the "*interior*" teachings of the "Holy Word." And what shall limit, too, the number of senses which a passage shall be made to bear? Why not three, or four, or even seven, as a monk of Lisiens contended for, as well as two? It is no wonder that theologians have disputed much and sharply on this point, and some, nay, many, of the most rational and natural interpreters, have positively denied any sense to the Scriptures save that which is most obvious and on their surface, as in other writings.

But while they have done this, they have not escaped great inconsistency. For they are *obliged* to admit a mystical sense in some instances, to shield the writers from the most gross absurdities entirely inconsistent with their known general good sense and understanding. Who, for instance, believes in the literal account of the creation, of the garden of Eden, of the rib-origins of the woman, of the trees who went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, of the Lord's address to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and many other highly figurative and allegorical passages in the Old Testament? It may be said that the mere supposition of figure or poetry is sufficient to account for these things. But this will not account for all, as we shall see; and the point, we think, must be conceded that there is an interior, spiritual sense to the sacred writings, which does not appear upon their surface, and which in fact is absolutely necessary to save them, many times, from the grossest absurdity and the most trifling insignificance. And this inward sense must be grounded in absolute principle, somewhere, must be according to *law*, and we must know that law, or else, in our endeavors to ferret it out, we are guided by nothing but caprice, and there is no end to the mystifications and spiritualizings of an exuberant fancy.

Now, what we claim is, not that, even *knowing* the law, we could arrive at correct conclusions in all the particulars of a prophetic or historic account; or even that Jesus and the apostles were capable of always arriving at the truth in this matter, or that the Scriptures were universally or even uniformly written in this style. But we do claim that there is a *law*, and that the Scriptures were *many times* written in precise and philosophical accordance with this law, and that it is, truly, in what may not inappropriately be termed their *interior sense*, that they may be vindicated from many apparent absurdities and insignificances.

This law is simply that of a perfect analogy between natural and spiritual things, and between the lower and the higher in

*Continued from p. 244.

all Nature. Thus, for illustration, every thing in a lower sphere of existence was produced for something above it, as the whole mineral kingdom was made the proximate cause of the vegetable kingdom, and that again of the animal, while the production of man was the ultimate cause of all. It was impossible that vegetation could have existed had not the mineral kingdom existed before it; and it was impossible that the animal kingdom could have existed, had not the vegetable kingdom existed before it. The reason is, that the qualities and essences in each preceding kingdom of Nature were necessary to the sustenance and continuation of the objects which were to exist in that which should follow. So man could never have existed, had not Nature progressively arisen from the lowest and most rudimental forms and qualities of being, each ascending series contributing to his production, and finally, the whole to his support and convenience. Of course, then, each lower object must contain in itself an image of the higher, being its proximate cause, while the highest was the ultimate or final cause of all. We can not run this clearly into universal particulars, for the want of universal knowledge; but the general being admitted, the particulars must be allowed, for they are always included. Man, then, being the result of all that has existed before him, must have an image, or find an analogy, in each particular thing in all the kingdoms of Nature beneath him.

This philosophy will be more clearly understood if we consider the creation as an *outbirth* from Deity. Of course, all created things are of God, or of the Great Interior Actuating Cause, and all outward forms and the inward essences of those forms, must have had their *prototypes*, or grounds of being, in Deity. If the first things, to our conception, bore a relation to their originating Cause, so must the next, and the next, till finally Man appeared, the ultimate and completest "image" of the Creator. And of course, by this process, he also finds in all the lower creations, *something* which answers by direct analogy, to something in him.

But if the whole Universe, in all its parts, is thus an outbirth from Deity, sustaining thus in all its properties an immutable relation to the properties of its pre-existing Cause, of course this relation will be most apparent in the *spiritual* parts of creation, as these have the closest resemblance to the Original Creative Mind.

Now, the most essential attributes of Deity, into which all the others may be generalized, are two: Love and Wisdom, or Goodness and Truth. Particularize as we may on the separate attributes, we shall find that they are all reducible to these two general and all-comprehending properties. For what is Power without Wisdom to guide it? what is it indeed but the very exercise of Love and Wisdom—the force which resides in them, so to speak, by Nature? Certainly, by Nature of the Divine Mind. Power is never employed but to give execution to the promptings of Love and the devisings of Wisdom. Thus, most strictly speaking, Power is but Love and Wisdom in *actuation*. Love or Goodness prompts all, wills or intends, but Love alone could do nothing, being blind, without Wisdom to devise. And Love and Wisdom combined, or, in different modification merely, Goodness and Truth, in eternal actuation, manifest Power, Benevolence, Mercy, Truth, Justice.

It will, I think, be admitted that Love and Wisdom are the two most essential attributes of the Divine Mind.

And now, in man, there are two faculties—the chief of all he possesses, which answer to these two prominent attributes of Deity. They are the Will and Understanding. After all our divisions and subdivisions by various philosophies of the human mind, the old metaphysicians were right in this general division of the faculties. Even phrenological science, which is true in the main, must admit this, for what are all its enumerations of the propensities and sentiments but that which will come under the head of the *Will*? It is these which produce will—they stimulate and prompt. And what are all its intellectual and

semi-intellectual faculties, but that which may come under the head of the *Understanding*?

So these two general properties, or attributes of the human mind, have an exact analogy to the two prominent and essential attributes of Deity. Why should they not? They are an *outbirth* from Deity. Thus Man, in respect to his Will and Understanding, is an "image" of the Divine Love and Wisdom.

But we may descend in this analogy even to his body—yea, to all material things. There are two essential organs of the body, the *Heart* and *Lungs*. These are to the body, what the Will and Understanding are to the spiritual part of man. In fact, they answer to them by a correct and natural analogy. There is no generally observable, proper affinity, but there is an analogy, and a most striking one.

As to affinity, however, or some nearer connection than mere correspondence, which we should mutually conjecture there might be, if the correspondence is natural, we may as well quote Swedenborg.

"That the will (says he) corresponds to the heart, can not so clearly appear by itself, as from the will viewed in its effects, according to what we said above: (which we can not quote) it may appear by itself from this, that all the affections of the love alter the motions of the heart, as is evident from the pulsations of the arteries, that act synchronously with the heart. Its changes and motions according to the affections of love are innumerable: those felt by the finger are few, as it beats slow or quick, high or low, soft or hard, equal or unequal, and so on; therefore differently in joy and sadness, in tranquility of mind and in anger, in intrepidity and in fear, in hot diseases and in cold, and so on. Since the motions of the heart, or its systole and diastole, thus change and vary according to a man's love, therefore many of the ancients, and from them some of the moderns, have ascribed the affections to the heart, and have assigned their habitation there.

That the understanding corresponds to the lungs, every one may perceive in himself, both from his thought and his speech. *From thought*; because no one can think unless his breathing conspires and accords; wherefore when he thinks tacitly he breathes tacitly, if he thinks deeply he breathes deeply, he retracts and relaxes, compresses and elevates the lungs, according to the influx of affection from love, either slowly, hastily, eagerly, wildly, or attentively; yea, if he hold his breath altogether, he can not think, except in his spirit by its respiration, which is not manifestly perceived. *From speech*; because not the smallest expression can proceed from the mouth without the assistance of the lungs; for all articulate sound is generated by the lungs through the trachea and epiglottis; wherefore speech may be raised to clamor, according to the inflation of those bellows, and the opening of their passage, and diminished according to their contraction; and if the passage be closed, speech and thought cease."

Such, then, and much more, being the correspondence between the heart and lungs, and the will and understanding, hence it is asserted, that when the Scriptures so frequently mention the "heart and soul," they refer to this analogy. Soul, in Scripture, does not always mean the immortal spirit, but only the *life* principle; and when so, its primary meaning is *breath*. Of breathing, the lungs is the organ. Hence, "heart and soul," so frequently expressed, may refer to the well known analogy between the heart and lungs, or the two chief organs of the body, and the will and understanding, as the two chief faculties of the mind. We do not say it does so refer, in all cases, but only that spiritual interpreters have run into this explanation, and whether the sacred writers had this in view or not, the analogy is complete and perfect.

Again, how frequently is "flesh and blood" mentioned in the Scriptures. These are the two chief component parts of the

body. And by a still more remote analogy, they may answer, as spiritual interpreters say they do, to goodness and truth as the two chief component parts of the will and understanding of man, and hence also to Love and Wisdom in the Deity.

But we stop short right here. There is not a more dangerous subject for man to meddle with. I do not say, more dangerous of *evil*, but more dangerous of *error*. And the reason is, because of a foundation in so much truth. We can not doubt the *principle* of analogy; the law is certainly in Nature; and were we sufficiently acquainted with all the particulars of the Universe, to *perceive* the relations which really do exist, there is no doubt we could extract much wisdom from the sacred writings, and from other writings, which is now hidden beneath their surface. We are aware, Swedenborg claimed, and his followers claimed for him, a *power* to perceive these hidden relations. We have no doubt that he did perceive many, and that truly, but whether his inspiration was such as to perceive all, or to keep him from much error and fanciful interpretation, that is the only question with us.

But let us remark a little further, in general, on this principle, and so that we may keep within the bounds of truth. We have said that from the spiritual parts of man we may descend to the corporeal, and even to all material things, tracing the analogy between things spiritual and things natural, and between the higher and the lower, in each sphere and kingdom of Nature. There are two chief faculties of the mind, as we have seen, and two chief organs of the body. So these two organs are divided each into two—the heart into its ventricles and auricles, of each of which again there are two; and the lungs into two. In fact, there are, to begin with, two sexes, in man and animals; and they not only exist generally in pairs, but in each individual also, there is a remarkable tendency of the parts to pairs. Thus, there are two arms, two legs, two breasts, two eyes, two ears, two cheeks, and although the nose is an organ, there are two nostrils, so in the mouth there are two lips, and if we consider each lip divided by a perpendicular line, there are two halves to the lips, and the same may be said of the tongue. So of the internal organs, there are two great divisions of the brain, two kidneys, and, as we have remarked of the heart and lungs, so the parts which seem to be one, are frequently in two divisions, united by a common covering. But why need we particularize any further? Who has not noticed the tendency of Nature to exist in twos? Behold, saith the son of Sirach. "all things are double one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect."

And now, there must be a reason for this. There must be some adequate cause. And where shall we find it but in the two essential attributes of Deity—the Divine Love, and the Divine Wisdom? If creation is an outbirth of Deity, each thing in Nature having its prototype or ground of existence in the nature of the Divine Mind, then of course, there must exist an analogy between the creatures and the Creator. In the *mind* of man, in the will and understanding, and in the *body* of man, in the heart and lungs, the analogy is conspicuous. But if it is more conspicuous in the general, it can not be less true in the particulars; for all have proceeded from the same divine source, and all must consequently bear an analogy to something existing in Nature, both before and after it, and ultimately in the Divine Mind. The reason we do not always discover it is owing to our contracted knowledge, but the true relations are only needed to be perceived, to construct a true science, and the universal relations to make that science complete.

Look at the animal kingdom. See how the individuals there approximate to man. How strong is the tendency to the human form! We see there all the analogous parts to man, and even in the lowest species, even in the oyster, which opens with its two shells, and in the animals known as radiata, articulata, and mollusca, even where the lungs and other viscera are wanting,

there is something perfectly analogous which answers their place, and performs similar offices.

So also in the vegetable kingdom, how close does it tread on the heels of animated nature! So close indeed, that the line of separation can not be drawn between, as of many plants it is impossible to say which kingdom of Nature they belong to, they partake so much of animate and inanimate nature, even to the powers of locomotion. Then again the *stems* of the plants; also, the circulation of the sap in trees, which is their blood, and the leaves, which are their lungs, and many other minor analogies.

So of the animal kingdom, many species of which seem to shoot forth in forms precisely resembling vegetable nature, as it were, aspiring to the kingdom above them.

But not only this, which is an analogy between the various forms and physical powers of man, animals, vegetables, and minerals; which is such as that the lower always seems to emulate and shadow forth the higher; but between the *spiritual* and *moral* powers of man, and their corresponding qualities in animal, vegetable, and even mineral nature. There is not only a general resemblance, as in the tendency in all animals to associate, and to mate, and provide for themselves, and to manifest the different affections and instincts, approaching many times to human reason, but there is a *particular* resemblance, as of some predominant quality in each animal answering to something analogous in the mind of man. For instance, when we have occasion to describe a person of remarkable innocence and tenderness of disposition, how readily do we revert to the predominating disposition of the *lamb*; when we seek an emblem for fierceness and destruction, how quickly do we revert to the *wolf* or the *tiger*; when gentleness is to be portrayed, what so natural as the *dove*; when cunning is the object of our contemplation, how readily does the *fox* seem to furnish us with the natural language; or when we would think symbolically of meekness and unsuspecting honesty, how does the *temper* of the *ox* help us to frame the distinctness of our ideas.

The same analogy may be extended to the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. It is only necessary to think of the principle by which the plants draw nourishment from the soil, and from the air which surrounds them, selecting as by instinct, those properties which are congenial and necessary for their support, and rejecting those which are not, with equal promptness and constancy; to think also of "the Loves of the Plants," and their method of propagating their existence, and of their good and noxious qualities,—it is only necessary to think of these things, to call up a distinct analogy to the races of animals, their mutual attachments, and their good and bad affections.

"And (says a fine observer) how exact an analogy of the same universal impulses is displayed through the mineral kingdom! By how marvellous a power, resembling the animal appetite for food, do many minerals draw from surrounding substances the materials of their accumulation! How completely magical; how similar to the exercise of affection and choice, is the action of chemical affinities! How striking an image of conscious attachment is presented, when, under the influence of the mysterious principle just mentioned, we behold inanimate matter—substances not possessed even of vegetable life, rush into union, as if actuated by the most ardent mutual affection!"*

And so is there an analogy throughout all Nature, between every living and unliving thing. In all, the lower shadows forth the higher, and the higher reflects the lower, and natural or material things answer to spiritual, by a law which is sure and unvarying as Nature, having its ground of existence in the Divine Mind itself.

And now, it is precisely this law which has given rise to the endless analogies, allegorising, and spiritualizing on the language of the Scriptures. It has not sprung from nothing, but is grounded in absolute natural truth. And it is only necessary,

*Noble on the pleasy inspiration of the Scriptures.

as the followers of Swedenborg say, to know precisely the *law* which thus pervades the creations of the Infinite Mind, and by this to *trace* the analogies, to construct a style of writing which should contain treasures of wisdom which the superficial never would discover, which should be purely spiritual, hidden beneath the letter, and which would even cause the letter to appear many times the most inconsistent and absurd. And they further say, and say truly, that if the Deity should design to construct a writing, and to inspire his chosen servants to commit it to the world for important purposes, he would most likely choose a style, which they call "the truly divine style," which is in invariable accordance with the principles and realities of everlasting Nature. And of course they say that he *has* done this, that he *has* so inspired his chosen ones, and that Swedenborg, more latterly, was the chosen instrument to unveil the letter of the Scriptures, and to show us the undiscovered and unmeasured wisdom buried in their interior.

I trust now, that no such magnanimous pretension has been set up on nothing. There is a truth hereabouts, and a most momentously interesting and important truth,—a truth in fact so great, and so evidently based in the indestructible foundations of Nature, that it is exceedingly dangerous among those capable of reasoning at all, for none but such *could* be entangled—it is exceedingly dangerous to any but a strong, independent, and discriminating mind, to enter upon a calm, dispassionate, and philosophical Swedenborgian disquisition. For we are thus introduced into and *through* the vestibule of truth, and there, in its inner temple, we find an Error so gaudily dressed in truth's habiliments, that captivated minds find it almost impossible to return. I speak from experience, for I have been captivated, and bewildered, and at wit's and myself, in poring over the pages of Swedenborgian writers, supported as they invariably are by a vast scientific and philosophical structure.

The truth is, what we have briefly explained,—that there is an analogy based in Nature, between the higher and the lower, and between spiritual things and natural, throughout the Universe. It is on this principle that much of our common language is based. For instance, we speak of looking at a subject in a clear *light*, of a *warm* desire, of a *burning* love, of the *darkness* of error, which forms of speech derive all their appropriateness from the analogy of nature between light and truth, heat and love, darkness and falsehood. So also we speak of *cutting* reproaches, *bitter* sarcasm, *crooked* policy, *upright* conduct, *soft* compassion, *acute* discernment, &c.—forms of speech which certainly are without any kind of meaning aside from some *natural* analogy we feel between the word and the idea. So also we speak of a *soaring* intellect, where the image of a bird is brought in, and birds, in the language of scientific analogy, are always emblems of the different qualities of intellect. We call children *lambs*, for their innocency, and, as before remarked, are continually appealing to the lower animals for some correct and striking analogy to the different qualities and characters of men.

Now, as before remarked, this must be all founded, not in arbitrary caprice, but in natural truth, because, creation being an outbirth of Deity, and the lower always prefiguring the higher, and in fact *produced* for the higher, as explained, there must be natural images in all inferior things, of those higher things which are their ultimate effects. So also, man being the *ultimate* of all creation, for the production of which it has all *successfully* arisen, he must find, in each thing prior to his existence, some quality, physical or mental, which answers to his bodily and spiritual possessions. As before said, there is not, in remote things, an *affinity*, but there is an analogy, and that frequently most forcible and conspicuous.

We wish we had time and ability to render this subject still more explicit and full; but we have not. I trust that every reader has recognized the principle, and now it were interesting to note some instances, both in the Scriptures and other writ-

tings, where this principle has evidently constituted the whole base for a superstructure of allegorical and analogical writing.

First, however, let it be remarked, that this style of writing was known and practised among profane writers of the most remote antiquity. There can be no doubt that the fables of antiquity, in their otherwise apparently monstrous construction, were framed upon this principle. Indeed, we have reason to suppose that the ancients had no other way of expressing their thoughts, and their conceptions of intellectual and spiritual things, than by images borrowed from Nature, which, by a law of analogy which they knew, were made the correct representatives of those ideas which they would express, thus being enriched with interior wisdom. So, in a great measure, would we look upon the whole heathen mythology. Very likely, as has been shown by some writers, the heathen deities in general were not originally simply deified men, who had signalized themselves by deeds of power and beneficence, but were distinct ideas of the One Infinite God; and the several idols were not worshipped as gods in themselves, or even as representatives of distinct, divine personalities, but only as so many different perfections or attributes in the One Divine Being: and the worshipping of idols as themselves gods was only an *after* innovation of the more ignorant vulgar.

We have not time here to go particularly into the fables of the gods and goddesses, but simply to make a passing allusion. No doubt, they pictured to the ancients analogies more sublime and significant than it is possible to imagine without the aid of this long neglected science. So also, in the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, which have so long confounded the skill of the learned,—who can doubt that they are framed upon a principle similar to that which we have endeavored to elucidate? And in some of the specimens of the designs of this people, which are exhibited in the British Museum—those monstrous *jets*, for example, carved out of the hardest rocks—what can they mean but ideas of *enormous power*, which would crush their enemies into annihilation? In short, to quote from the same writer who has so elaborately represented this subject, "if we were apprised, that in its spiritual reference, that common Scripture emblem, the *horse*, expresses the *understanding* or *apprehension* of *Truth*, whence *four horses* appeared, in the Revelation, to proceed *out of a book*, and on another was seen riding in heaven, he whose name is called *the Word of God*, we should perceive the reason why *horses* were assigned to *Neptune*, the god of the ocean, or of the *waters*, though they seem so little adapted to that element;—why a chariot and *horses* of fire were attributed to the *sun*, the source of *light*, or to *Phoebus*, the god of *day*;—why the fountain of *Hippocrene*, in Mount *Parnassus*, the haunt of the wine *Muses*, or the *sciences*, who were the daughters of *Jupiter* and *Memory*, was said to have been opened by a blow from the winged *horse*, *Pegasus*;—why all the principal heroes and demi-gods were represented to have received their *instruction in learning* from the *Centaur*s, an imaginary race compounded of the man and the *horse*, who also were famous for their *skill in medicine*, and instructed in that art the god of medicine, *Æsculapius* himself;—why the *device*, whatever it was, by which the Grecian commanders introduced a body of troops within the walls of *Troy*, was symbolized by a wooden *horse*;—and why, on the founding of *Athens*, that celebrated seat of *science* and *philosophy*, when *Minerva* and *Neptune* were contending for the honor of giving it a name, *Neptune*, to display his power, is said to have struck the ground with his trident, when there instantly darted forth a *horse*; yet the disputed honor was awarded to *Minerva*, at whose bidding there sprung up an olive-tree;—a fable which beautifully represents the superiority of that wisdom figured by the goddess, which regards the conduct of life, and leads to the feeling of *benevolence terminating in works of utility*, of which sentiment the *olive-tree* is the symbol, over those mere accumulations of knowledge typified by the *waters* of the ocean, and having a personified abstract in *Neptune*; these only ena-

bling their possessor to dazzle by intellectual display, or to overwhelm by ratiocination, of which exercises the war-horse is so expressive an emblem."

Such, then, being the nature of much of the ancient style of writing among the heathen, we are led to expect the same in the ancient Scriptures. And here be it remarked, that it is the same, and nothing else. Setting aside those instances when the sacred writers received their ideas, and clothed undoubtedly in appropriate images, from the spiritual world, as explained in our former numbers; and considering only that thought which was the product of their own independent understandings, we have no reason to believe that there is a hidden, interior meaning beneath the letter, in these writings of the ancient Scriptures, in any different sense, or by any different principle, than that which was known and practiced by the heathen writers before referred to. And this is precisely the point between the friends and followers of Swedenborg, and those who refuse his claims to a newly discovered sense of the divine Word. It is granted that there is such a sense—a meaning purely spiritual hidden under cover of natural images, and very extensively does it prevail in the Scriptures. We have found the law by which this style of writing is framed, and recognize its foundation in Nature. But the question is—Is it any different from that which has prevailed with other writers, especially in remote antiquity? And we answer, no. Another question is—Is there any proof that the Scriptures were *universally* written in this style? And we answer again, no. Swedenborg himself rejected several books of the Bible as uninspired, but we discover no proofs that *any* book was *uniformly* written in this style. Here also is a question. Another question still is, may such interior sense be so appropriately called the interior sense of the divine word, as the interior sense of Nature, or of natural objects? We grant, that in a very appropriate sense, these interior spiritual teachings may be said to be in the Word, but who does not see that they are still more appropriately said to be in Nature? For instance, I speak of four horses proceeding out of a book, and of a great light shining round about, and an awful gulf of darkness, and burning heat, in the region beyond it. And my meaning simply is, that the understanding and truth of the Lord is to be learnt from his word, and that this truth will enlighten the nations, and that those who are without its influence are in deep error and love of evil. Now, of course, this is, in one sense, the interior teaching of the letter of the word; but in the most striking and significant sense—at least, in the most original sense, it is simply a recognition of the teachings of Nature, in a most beautiful analogy between all things material and all things spiritual. And Swedenborg has, in fact, detected this analogy, more perfectly than any other writer, and, beginning with the Word, he has gone from that to Nature, and having thence been impressed with its interior teachings—how every thing material was a representative of something spiritual, he has returned to the Word again, and made a truthful application of the many striking and correct analogies of Nature.

And this is an important work. He has accomplished wonders, and made the Scriptures instructive where they would have been foolish, and redeemed them from insignificance, puerility, absurdity and inconsistency. But then he has not (*me judice*) escaped the error of running into fanciful interpretations, and producing analogies where none was ever intended, and endless spiritualizations, formidable to simple inquirers, and staggering to philosophic faith.

And here again is the place for another most important point. Swedenborg assumed first, the divinity of the Scriptures, and then set out to search for their hidden wisdom. This, of course, would not be acknowledged by his followers, but it must be evident from his history, and from his father's Bishopric influences, that he had already embraced the common opinions of the divinity and inspiration of the Bible, and embracing these—that is, *assuming*, in the first place, the divinity of the Word,

he sets out to unfold its interior meaning. Of course, under such bias, he would find hidden wisdom where there was none, and feel the obligation to find it. According to Swedenborg, and to true philosophy, *affection governs thought—produces thought*. Swedenborg's intellectual affections were bestowed upon a new interpretation of the Word. In his estimation, the development of the internal sense of the Word, as the grand instrument for promoting the regeneration and salvation of men, formed the paramount purpose of his illumination. Consequently, his labors are *subservient* to this. The Word is his master. And his stupendous theological machinery show how well the end corresponds to the primary affection.

But we would not—could not, unjustly berate Swedenborg, even in his scriptural expositions; for as before said, he has unfolded a mass of hidden wisdom, by a perfect law of analogy between things material and spiritual, which, but for him, would have remained undeveloped for ages.

This, then, seems to be the amount of this hidden, interior wisdom; or rather, the amount of the theory. First, it is true that the Scriptures were written according to such a rule; second, other ancient and modern writings are written in the same way; third, the Scriptures contain no other and different sense; fourth, even they are not written universally or any ways uniformly in this sense; fifth, it is not the Word, originally or most importantly, but Nature, which contains the true interior; and sixth, we are not obligated by any evidence, to consider the Scriptures as especially or universally entitled to such an interpretation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVOLUTIONARY TENDENCIES.

THERE are two classes of persons who can not understand our times aright: the first are too timid, the second too dull; but a common selfishness paralyses both. To the former, wherever they cast their eyes,—institutions, laws, conventions, traditions, seem sinking in a general chaos; the young are lawless, the mature are rash; philosophy is wild to the verge of lunacy; in religion and politics alike there remains no fixed center; the very corner-stones of cathedral and council-hall rock on the spreading quicksand of innovation; and, in the near future, they figure themselves or their children as beggared by a promiscuous agrarianism. The latter, on the contrary, pillow themselves on title-deeds, secure investments, plump dividends, and ample insurance; they pull down the curtains of self-complacency; and as the shouts of multitudes, passing to the mountains to worship the sun of a new day, fall upon their ears, they murmur, "It is but a meteor that will burst in a moment," and fold their hands for soft dreams. Now both classes are foolishly wrong. We are amidst a tremendous movement, which the most conservative will do well to heed; but it is a movement rich with cheerful auguries.

The true position in which to stand before the *Revolutionary tendencies* of our times, is that of JUDOX. Let us be impartial, but let us be discriminate. It is a winnowing-time, when men are called to burn the chaff, but garner in the wheat. In Church, in University, in State, much that is dry and dead must be cast away; but all the more valuable will be the vital germs remaining. What was good in earlier ages may have become useless or noxious now; but there are principles and methods, whose worth will be permanent. Now, he is the true conservative who has the quick eye to distinguish the essential from the accidental; and he is the true disorganizer who attempts to force upon his fellows musty formulas for the bread of life. Let us give one illustration of this position of Judge.

In the State arises the cry of *Communism*. What means it? Not plunder, not murder, not arson or rapine. No, O trembling brothers! it is the memory of your own selfishness, which haunts you now with fears of violence. The masses are not mad; they

are only so eager in pursuit of an indispensable end, that they break down the palings of your trim gardens, and tread upon your flower-beds, quite unaware. Their meaning is simply this,—that wealth is wrung out of the hands of workers; and that earth is the realm of the evil one, if it is actually necessary that the growers and gatherers of corn should starve, and the weavers of cotton and woollen freeze, and the builders of all homes be houseless. And, before Heaven, are they not right? Yet, doubtless, there is this error in their logic,—which makes pale the cheek of the proprietor,—that they forget how much past labor, in the shape of material and machinery, facilitates their present toil, and therefore do not estimate fairly the share of profits which capital may justly claim. But, pluming yourselves on prerogatives inherited from your forefathers, or won by your own cultivated talent, disciplined character, and trained energy, will you, O wealthy brethren! stop your ears to the cry of those brave and willing poor, who have fought their way through squalid infancy and outcast youth, to this degree of intelligence at least, that they know their rights to refused enjoyment, and desire your courteous fellowship? On the golden scales which Justice holds up before the eyes of the nations, to-day, is graven—EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION; and let us be assured, that the weights are even. Society must learn the secret of making the laborer a capitalist,—ay, and the capitalist a laborer too,—and all co-workers copartners. Providence will take no longer denial. The problem must be solved of securing high education, pure environment, artistic pleasure, and genial society, for the many as well as the few. There is no crushing down again the half-enlightened multitudes into slavish dulness and brutal content. *But one way is open—that of UNIVERSAL CULTURE.* Keep all of grace and delicacy and sweetness to which society has attained, says Justice; yet see to it, that these be no longer mere tinsel and lacker, but the polish of solid metal. Let the drones become workmen, and labor have leisure; then will manners mean manliness.

Let us not superciliously turn our backs on the approaching multitudes: they will none the less sweep us before them, or trample us down, if we are in the way. On the other hand, let us not, by signs of fear, insult a host who march, or would march, with swords beat into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. The longing of the People is for Peace,—but peace signed and sealed by Co-operation. Will the Privileged meet them half-way?—[William H. Channing.

[NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JUSTICE.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount too? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years, thou wilt be dead and dark,—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that!

[CARLYLE.

EMERSON'S LECTURE ON PLATO.

PLATO, said Emerson, is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. In him, too, are found the auroral beams of Christianity; and here is forecast the Koran of Mahommed. Everybody finds his peculiar taste gratified in Plato; to the French he is Parisian, to the German Teutonic. In this respect he is like Helen of Argos, whose beauty made everybody that saw her feel related to her. It is remarkable that uncertainty exists as to the authenticity of some of the writings of genius—of Homer, of Plato, of Shakespeare. This is because these great minds magnetized and assimilated to themselves those about them, and thus each lived in several bodies. It is said that Plato plagiarised. "It is only the inventor who knows how to borrow;" and the stupendous genius of Plato could not but absorb all the learning of the times. Another merit of Plato was, that being a philosopher, he was something beyond, he was a poet. A man to attain perfection in any department, must stand on higher ground than that he works upon. The biography of Plato is short. So is that of all geniuses; it is written in their books: and in the painting of Plato's pen, we are to look for the portraits of his family and the pictures of his home. Plato was a patrician by birth; in early life he had an inclination for war, but was arrested by the persuasion of Socrates, with whom he remained from the age of twenty till thirty. Then Plato traveled to Italy, to Egypt, to Babylon, it is said; and, returning from his tour, instituted his celebrated Academy at Athens, and finally died in the act of writing, at the age of eighty-one years.

The writings of Plato are ever young, ever modern: for in them exists, in the germ, the Europe of our day. This is the test of genius; it is ever young, never outgrown by any passage of time. Emerson said: All ontology existed in two departments—unity and variety. By prayer, by religion we soar to unity, having communion with God. Hence the religious and enlightened man can never be selfish; he has felt the living sense of his being in God, and the same God is every thing about him; "the words I and mine constitute ignorance." To the religious, "form is imprisonment; that which the soul seeks is resolution into being above form,"—"emancipation from organization." Plato learned in Asia this religion, which ever goes back from the varied irradiation of the one to its central being. He also possessed Italian intellect and art, to trace his way back again from the one to the diffusion of variety. "He shall be as a god to me, said Plato, who can rightly divide and define." "When I see, he said, one who can see the whole and the parts, I tread in his steps like those of a god." Devotion, says Emerson, bathes in the central sunlight of the one; Art represents the one by variety; Intellect traces and detects the one and the same in its variety. Religion, Art, Intellect—all these had Plato. "He united the freest poetry with the most exact geometry;" his energy of thought was like the momentum of the falling planet, his discretion like its return to the curve." Plato believed in preternatural faculties. He knew, too, that the sublime essence of all being is beyond the stretch of human ken. But in this respect, Emerson criticised Plato: Though immense of vision, he had Platonized the subjects of his thoughts and "fixed his copy-right upon the world." But it is the creation of God and not of Plato, and no partial intelligence can expound it, except to the limits of a finite understanding, and with the coloring of an imperfect mind. Plato, moreover, was too equal, too complete; you are never in his writings startled and thrilled by "the scream of the prophet," or the swaying force of the unlettered Arab. "Socrates and Plato," said Emerson, "are the double star which no instrument has been able entirely to separate." It was a happy thing that Socrates, "the wise Æsop of the mob," yet so honest and enthusiastic in religion, early impressed Plato, and took a lasting position in the foreground of his mind." [TAISANE.

THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.

These animals are not discernible, with a few exceptions, but by powerful microscopes: as they usually occur in some sort of infusion, they have been called *Infusoria*; though they generally go by the name of *Animalcula*. The recent astonishing discoveries of Ehrenberg, a Prussian naturalist, have given a new aspect to this department of animated nature, even in a geological point of view. He has described seven hundred and twenty-two living species, which swarm almost every where, even in the fluids of living and healthy animals, in countless numbers.

Formerly they were thought to be the most simple of all animals in their organization: to be in fact little more than mere particles of matter endowed with vitality; but he has discovered in them mouths, teeth, stomachs, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, and organs of reproduction. Some of the smallest animalcula are not more than the twenty-four thousandth of an inch in diameter; and the thickness of the skin of their stomachs, not more than the fifty millionth part of an inch. In their mode of reproduction they are viviparous, oviparous, and gemmiparous. An individual of the *Hydatina senta* increases, in ten days to one million; on the eleventh day, to four millions; and on the twelfth day, to sixteen millions. In another case Ehrenberg says that one individual is capable of becoming in four days, one hundred and seventy billions!

Leuwenhoek calculated that one billion animalcula, such as occur in common water, would not altogether make a mass so large as a grain of sand. Ehrenberg estimates that five hundred millions of them do actually sometimes exist in a single drop of water.

In the Alps there is sometimes found a snow of a red color; and it has been recently ascertained by M. Shuttleworth, that the coloring matter is composed chiefly of infusoria, with some plants of the tribe of Algae. And what is most singular, is, that when the snow had been melted for a short time, so as to become a little warmer than the freezing point, the animals die, because they can not endure so much heat! A specimen of meteoric paper which fell from the sky in Courland in 1686, has been examined by Ehrenberg, and found to consist, like the red snow, of *Conferva* and *Infusoria*. Of the latter he found twenty-nine species.

Surprising as these facts are, it will perhaps seem still more incredible, that the skeletons of these animals should be found in a fossil state, and actually constitute nearly the whole mass of soils and rocks several feet in thickness, and extending over areas of many acres. Yet this too has been ascertained by the same acute Prussian naturalist. [HITCHCOCK'S GEOLOGY.]

LONG-LIVED MEN.

THOMAS PARR, as recorded by Lord Francis Bacon, was born in 1483, and died in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years. He died, not from the disease or decay of a single organ, but from too great fullness of blood, caused by more than usual indulgence in eating and drinking. He had led an active country life, and enjoying country air and exercise; but was invited to London, where luxurious eating and drinking soon killed him.

Thirty-five years after the death of Parr, Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, died, aged one hundred and sixty-nine years. He was born in 1501, and died in 1670. His age is fully authenticated, and is the greatest among the moderns. John Effingham, of Cornwall, England, died, aged one hundred and forty-seven years. James Lawrence a Scotchman, lived one hundred and forty years. About the year 1790, Joseph Sur-rington died at Bergen, Norway, aged one hundred and sixty years. In 1772, a man named Drakenburg died in Denmark, in the one hundred and forty-seventh year of his age. In 1825, Pope Leo XII., granted to a poor man living near Lake Thrasmene, in Italy, a pension on account of his great age; he was then an hundred and twenty-five years old. He died aged one hundred and thirty years. In 1830, a man died at St. Peters-

burg, aged one hundred and thirty years. I knew a man in the island of Cuba, who was an hundred and twenty years old; he was able to ride on horseback sixty miles in a day, and return home the next. We will now come to our own country. In 1820, a man named Henry Francisco, died at Whitehall, in the state of New-York, aged one hundred and thirty-four years. He beat the drum at the coronation of Queen Anne, and was then sixteen years of age; he did not die of old age, but of the ague and fever. I forgot to mention the name of Dr. Mead, who was consulting physician to Queen Elizabeth, and died at the age of one hundred and forty-eight years. John Hightower, residing in Marengo county, Alabama, died January, 1845, aged one hundred and twenty-six years. William Prigden, of Maryland, died October, 1845, aged one hundred and twenty-three years. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, a Baptist clergyman, residing at Frankfort, in the state of New-York, is now in the active and useful discharge of his clerical duties, at the age of one hundred and eleven years. A Mr. Blakewell, residing near Greenville, North Carolina, was living a short time since, at the age of one hundred and thirty-six years. A colored man named Syphax, in fine vigorous health, was living last year in Cumberland county, Virginia, at the age of one hundred and seventeen years. The Montreal Times, October, 1846, translates the following from the *Revue Canadienne*: "An old man died at Wexford, Upper Canada, a short time since, named Daniel Atkin, but rejoiced in the soubriquet of Black Dan. At the time of his decease, he was one hundred and twenty years of age; and during his life had contracted seven marriages, by whom he had had an incredible number of children, grand-children, and great grand-children, in all about five hundred and seventy—three hundred and seventy of whom are boys, and two hundred girls."

I have already enumerated as many cases as our purpose demands. They show to us conclusively, how long the human machine may continue its existence—by how long it has been known to continue. I think no fact is better proved, than that the human frame is formed to last over one hundred years, that no man ever died of old age until after one hundred years, and that every man may live to one hundred years, provided he does not war upon his own frame, and provided, as I have before remarked, that he follows judiciously the laws of health, commits few errors in his diet, and preserves the symmetry of his person.

[FITCH'S LECTURES ON THE USE OF THE LUNGS.]

SINGULAR.

A CORRESPONDENT (a physician) writing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has sent us the following, which we insert without comment:

EDITORS UNIVERSELUM: Last March, at nine A. M., one mile and a half distant from my residence in C— County, when at the bedside of a patient, I heard a sudden crackling noise under foot. My patient heard it also, and was startled by it. I looked to discover the cause, but saw nothing, and thought no more of it. I returned home, and as I entered the door, a horse was driven into my yard at full speed, and the rider said, "Your mother has a fit, and you must go and see her immediately—she seemed quite dead when I left." It was distant one mile and a half. I was before her as soon as possible. She was a cold corpse when I arrived. She was in usual health half an hour before, was generally well, and not subject to fits. On returning with the intelligence to my family, consisting of three adults, they remarked that at about nine o'clock they heard a snapping noise like the breaking of a violin string—their attention was so much aroused by it that they opened a door to discover the cause. One of them said that "that noise meant something;" and after I returned they said, "There, that mysterious noise is experienced now." I asked what? They stated as above, and then I recollected the reported phenomenon that occurred where I was. A. P.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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"ALL FOR THE BEST."

We suppose the true reading of this is, *all for the best*, with an emphasis. Not *all for the best*, because at present, we know that it is not so. Any of us are philosophers enough to know that a broken leg, or the raging toothache, is not the best that can be done at all, but the best that can be at present. Evil results in good—is good prospectively, but not presently. The like of moral iniquity. God overrules—permits—does not design all things. Man is not strictly free—the will-power is *always* governed by motives and circumstances over which it has no control. All is philosophical necessity. It is useless to say then, where's the blame? Praise and blame, merit and demerit are terms expressive of certain conditions, and whatever the conditions are, so are the rewards and punishments. Rewards and punishments are only the necessary effects of certain necessary causes. There is no immorality in the tendencies of this teaching, because penalties are thus unavoidable. We say of virtue, the reward is in the act alone, or in the condition of mind; so may we say of vice. No one can take advantage of this doctrine, to say, then I will do nothing—nothing can be altered—I will not exert myself—I will sit down and take my ease. For to say so is to contradict the premises—that all things are fixed. It is to use means and make endeavors to bring about an end which is supposed to be fixed with the rest; even our ease. All we have to do is, to keep moving. This we *must* do, and the doctrine alters not our practice an iota. It involves no moral absurdities, it gives no license. It simply says—all things are simply fixed or necessary, though not all designed, and all things, though not always the best, are for the best, are the best that can be for the present, and will assuredly result in positive good.

This does not make God the author of evil. It makes him the author of all the present good that *can* exist, consistent with the established order, and it makes him *overrule the whole* for good.

In fact, good and evil are merely relative terms. What is evil to one, such as a low culture, is very good to another where the general state has created no higher idea or standard; and what is good to one, becomes to another of a still higher state, a great evil. All, then, is *for the best*. It is the best that can be for the present, and will result in positive good.

It may not be said so properly that God *sends or appoints* evils—war slavery, pestilence, individual diseases, &c., for the good of men; they are the *highest state* that can exist in the *present* development of society and man. And surely, it is more of a good to *live* even in slavery, iniquity and disease, than not to live at all, because immortality is in question. These things, then, taking the universe and all time in consideration, may be said to be, not the best, but for the best; not good in themselves, or good at all, as we from contrasts use the term, but only the *highest state* that can be at present. And surely, it is higher than non-existence—higher than mere animal life; and it will result in supreme and perfect good. All, therefore, is *for the best*, but not the best.

But what is the use of this teaching? Has it any practical bearing? We answer, while it teaches or encourages no evil, it teaches truth. Can any truth harm? Must it not be good? And does not even this truth teach Eternal Providence, Eternal Justice, Universal and Eternal Good, and show us how god-like we are when we oppose all evil and all wrong? W. M. F.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

We have received a letter from La Roy Sunderland, in which he inquires in what respect Dr. Dods' experiments in "Electrical Psychology," as he calls it, differ from those which he has been accustomed for some years past, to give at his public lectures. Perhaps we are not entirely qualified to answer this question, from the fact that we have never had the pleasure of witnessing any of Mr. Sunderland's experiments, or of attending any of his lectures; but if in an attempt to answer, we should in our ignorance misrepresent Mr. S. in any respect, we hope he will correct us.

If we understand Mr. Sunderland's mode of operation, then, it is to fix, as best he may, the concentrated attention of his audience upon him while he is engaged in the delivery of his lecture, he speaking and *willing* all the while with reference to the desired result. Those who are most susceptible will at length begin to feel the influence, and will gradually lose, in a greater or less degree, the consciousness of their situation. They then feel irresistibly drawn to the stage on which Mr. S. is lecturing, and are in perfect sympathetic communication with him, being in many instances even unconscious of the presence of an audience. From five or six to thirty or forty persons are thus brought on the stage in a single evening! While in this state they are subject to the direct action of Mr. Sunderland's *will*, it not being absolutely necessary that they should be touched or even spoken to by the latter, though contact and verbal communication generally serve to heighten the action. Almost any conceivable vision may be caused to pass before their minds while in this state, and they may be made to fancy themselves other persons, or in other places, or even in the spirit world, by the concentrated action of Mr. Sunderland's will, and perhaps by touching certain portions of their heads where are located the organs of particular passions or faculties. These phenomena, we may remark by the way, are certainly wonderful, and the only thing to be regretted is that the great majority of those to whom they are exhibited do not perceive their practical bearings, and the great light which they throw upon the nature and laws of the human spirit. Lecturers, we think, could not do a better service to a sensuous and unspiritual world, than by thoroughly explaining and enforcing these things; and though the *amusing* and even *ludicrous* features of the illustrative experiments should not be excluded, they should not be suffered to interfere with that solemnity which naturally belongs to the intrinsic importance of the subject.

Mr. Sunderland's process, therefore, is essentially that which is generally known under the name of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, though he calls it "Pathetism." It does not differ materially from that which is often unconsciously pursued, with results somewhat similar, by exciting preachers at Methodist camp meetings.

Dr. Dods' mode of proceeding, and its results, on the other hand, are as follows: Immediately after his lecture (in which he makes no effort to operate mentally in magnetizing his auditors) he invites those who may feel disposed to come forward from among the audience, to take a front seat, which having been done, he places a small piece of composite metal having a slight galvanic action, in the palms of their hands, requests them to fix their eyes steadily upon it, and maintain a perfectly easy position for about twenty minutes, the audience maintaining silence during the time. The subjects are seldom sensible of any effect from this process, and none of them believe, unless from previous experience, that the slightest control can be exercised over their muscles or mind, by the operator. Dr. D. then has a secret mode of getting into what he calls an "electric" communication with them, which consists in contact with a particular nerve, and without which no experiments can be performed except the subject be sufficiently susceptible to be acted upon by the ordinary process of magnetism. Having been inir-

tiated, we can testify from experience that this process of getting the communication is something more than a mere "make-believe," though we are not permitted to describe it. The control exercised over the subject, then, is not by the action of the will of the operator, farther than one man's will necessarily acts in conversing with another, but it is by producing accumulations, and any given actions, of the nervous energy in any part of the system, by which outer motions, and in some instances even the visions and conceptions of the mind, are controlled. Any vision of which the imagination can conceive, however absurd or impossible, may thus be made to pass before the mind of those most susceptible, with all the appearance of absolute reality, causing them now to weep with sorrow, now to shriek with terror, and now to exclaim with ecstasies of delight, according to the nature of the picture that is made to appear. But according to Dr. Dods' process, it is always necessary to *speak* to the subject to produce any effect, physical or mental; and the moment the "charm" is broken, the system is restored to its normal functions.

Of the two we think Mr. Sunderland's plan is the more spiritual, but it is at the same time the more unwieldy, requiring *peculiar constitutions* for successful operators. Dr. Dods' plan, on the other hand, may, so far as we have been able to judge, be pursued with nearly equal degrees of success by almost all persons who simply understand it. Considered in a *practical* point of view, its chief advantage we think consists in the efficacy with which it may be employed in attacking certain diseases. Where ordinary magnetism acts but feebly, that acts as it were, with a lever power, by rallying all the sanative influence existing in the system of the patient, to a point, and giving it a specific action. Several illustrations of this fact have already come under our observation, the cases being such as could not have been reached by any ordinary process of magnetism; and we have just been authentically informed that a lady who for a long time had suffered from paralysis, being unable to walk, made application a few days since, to a physician in this city who had learned the new art of Dr. Dods, and by a vigorous application, was made, in the course of an hour or two, to walk out without assistance and got into her carriage, from which she had just before been carried by her friends, into the Doctor's house!

We have spoken of these things as one who simply believes them (rather *knows* them) for himself, without making any effort to give faith to skeptics. Such must be convinced by evidence different from what we can give them at present. W. F.

MR. CLAY ON EMANCIPATION.

MANY of our readers are aware that there has lately been an agitation in Kentucky respecting some feasible plan to abolish slavery, provisions for the same being proposed to be made in the new constitution that is about being framed in that state. It is beginning to be more and more generally felt, not only in that state but elsewhere, that slavery is an enormous political and moral evil, and that no people can be truly prosperous and happy into whose social system it is inwrought; and there is a fair prospect that Kentucky will soon decide upon some measures to rid herself of the incubus which she begins to feel is weighing her to the dust. The discussions that are pending in reference to the subject have called forth a letter from Henry Clay, in which he declares himself in favor of gradual emancipation, and speaks as follows:

"After full and deliberate consideration of the subject, it seems to me three principles should regulate the establishment of a system of emancipation. The first is, that it should be slow in its operation, cautious and gradual, so as to occasion no convulsion, nor any rash or sudden disturbance in the existing habits of society. Second, that, as an indispensable condition, the emancipated slaves should be removed from the State to

some colony. And thirdly, that the expenses of their transportation to such colony, including an outfit for six months after their arrival, should be defrayed from a fund to be raised from the labor of each freed slave.

"I think that a period should be fixed when all born after it should be free at a specified age, all born before it remaining slaves for life. That period I would suggest should be 1855, or even 1860; for on this and other arrangements of the system, if adopted, I incline to a liberal margin so as to obviate as many objections, and unite as many opinions, as possible. Whether the commencement of the operation of the system be a little earlier or later, is not so important as that a day should be permanently fixed, from which we could look forward with confidence, to the final termination of slavery within the limits of the commonwealth.

"Whatever may be the day fixed, whether 1855 or 1860, or any other day, all born after it, I suggest, should be free at the age of twenty-five, but be liable afterwards to be hired out, under the authority of the State, for a term not exceeding three years, in order to raise a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of their transportation to the colony, and to provide them an outfit for six months after their arrival there.

"If the descendants of those who are to be free at the age of twenty-five, were also to be considered as slaves until they had attained the same age, and this rule were continued indefinitely as to time, it is manifest that slavery would be perpetuated instead of being terminated. To guard against this consequence, provision might be made that the offspring of those who are to be free at twenty-five, should be free at their birth, but upon the condition that they shall be apprenticed until they were twenty-one, and be also liable to be hired out for a period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of raising money to meet the expenses of the colony, and their subsistence for the first six months.

"The Pennsylvanian act of emancipation fixed the period of twenty-eight for the liberation of the slaves, and provided, as her courts have since interpreted the system to mean, that the issue of all who were to be free at the limited age, were from their birth free. The Pennsylvanian system made no provision for colonization.

"The colonization of the free blacks, as they successively arrive, from year to year, at the age entitling them to freedom, I consider a condition absolutely indispensable. Without it, I should be utterly opposed to any scheme of emancipation. One hundred and ninety odd thousand blacks, composing about one-fourth the population of the State, with their descendants, could never live in peace, harmony and equality with the residue of the population. Their color, passions and prejudices would forever prevent the two races from living together in a state of cordial union. Social, moral, and political degradation would be the inevitable lot of the colored race."

We quote this language here not because we by any means approve the plans which it proposes, especially that which relates to the *expatriation* of the blacks after being emancipated, but for the purpose of showing the workings of influential minds, upon this grave subject, and of stimulating thought upon it among those of our readers whose minds may be attracted to it.

We believe that there is one plan by which slavery might be abolished consistently with the highest interests of both masters and slaves, as fast as the minds of the dominant classes become prepared for it by an enlightenment in the *natural* laws of human society; and that plan is ASSOCIATION. As we may feel prompted, we may hereafter unfold our views systematically upon this subject: but it could hardly subserve any important purpose to enter into any elaborate remarks upon it at present. Suffice it to say that Association is a divine and universal law of Nature, applying to all forms, kingdoms, and worlds, and by it, when fully understood, we believe that all social problems may be solved.

W. F.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

We have received the second number of this monthly publication, devoted to the discussion of a wide range of subjects, giving particular prominence to the sciences of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Phrenology, Mental Philosophy, Physiognomy, and Psychology, with the collateral departments of Animal Magnetism, Biography, History, Political Economy, the Fine Arts, Hygiene, Dietetics, and Materia Medica. Dr. Buchanan, the editor, is known as the discoverer, a few years since, of the "impressibility of the human brain," and of a science founded upon it which he denominates "Neurology." Judging from the Number before us, as well as from other writings of Dr. B. which we have perused, he appears perfectly familiar with the subjects which he discusses; and he writes upon them in a clear and popular style. We believe that if this Journal is well sustained it will do much good in diffusing a knowledge of some of the most curious and important phenomena and laws of human existence. The following extracts from the leading article, entitled "PSYCHOMETRY," in the Number before us, will be read with interest, and may be regarded as important in their bearings upon medical science. After detailing some experiments showing the influence upon the nervous system, of certain metals held in the hand, the writer proceeds:

"I have since proved, by experiment, that a galvanic or electric current, passing through a medicinal substance, will transmit its influence into the constitution which receives the current.

"It would readily occur to the reader that, in such experiments, an excitable imagination might produce important effects, and materially modify the results. The desire to guard against any such delusions, led me to adopt precautions to prevent the individuals experimented upon from knowing the name or nature of the medicine used. It was either concealed from their sight or so enveloped in paper as to be invisible, and thus the experiment was generally made in such a manner, that any play of imagination would have been immediately detected. Sometimes, as in the experiments at New York, the medicine was unknown to all present until the close of the experiment.

"It was thus fully established that a large portion of the human race may be affected by medicinal substances, *even without immediate contact*—a fact which I now consider as well settled and familiar as any other in medical science—so much so as to become a necessary subject of medical instruction; and in every course of lectures which I deliver to the medical class in the Institute, I state these principles, and accompany them by immediate demonstration upon the members of the class. Medicinal substances, enveloped in paper, are distributed among the members of the class, who hold them in their hands, while sitting at ease, listening to the lecture and waiting for the effect. It frequently happens that when a vigorous emetic, cathartic, or stimulant, is distributed in this manner, its impression will be so distinctly recognized by some of the members of the class, as to enable them to name it correctly, if they have ever before experienced its operation as a medicine.

"During the present session of the Institute, the usual experiment has been made, and the following members, out of a class of about one hundred and thirty, have experienced decided medicinal impressions, by holding in their hands different medicinal substances, principally emetics and cathartics." [Then follows a certificate, signed by forty-three persons, in attestation to the above statement.]

On these singular facts the writer remarks:

"It may, therefore, be recognized as a law of the nervous system, that it is capable of being affected by the subtil influences which emanate from adjacent objects. Influenced by this consideration, I supposed it probable that those who possessed this acute sensibility would be distinctly affected by contact with

living beings, and would be able thus to appreciate the influence proceeding from the living nervous action.

"This conjecture was soon verified by experiment. I found that all persons of an impressible constitution were sensibly affected by placing the hand in contact with the heads or bodies of other persons. The effect might not be so prompt or forcible as to arrest their attention under ordinary circumstances, yet, by sitting still and concentrating their attention upon the experiment for a few minutes, a decided effect was experienced. In this manner, by placing the hand upon the epigastrium of a patient laboring under any disease, a morbid impression would be experienced, corresponding to the character of his case. For the last three or four years, I have myself become so sensible to morbid impressions, that I can not be in contact with a patient even for a few minutes, without being injuriously affected.

"When impressible persons thus come in contact with those who are in sound health, by placing the hand upon the different portions of the head or body, they experience, at each point, a distinct effect corresponding to the peculiar vital functions of the part. By holding the hand upon the forehead, the seat of the intellectual organs, they experience an increased mental activity. By holding the hand upon the superior portion of the head, they experience a pleasant and soothing influence, peculiar to the moral organs. Upon each locality of the head, the influence of the subjacent organ may be recognized—and although the impression is generally of but moderate force or distinctness, those who have a high degree of susceptibility may realize the exact character of the organ touched, and describe not only its general tendency, but its particular action and strength in the individual who is examined.

"In short, it may be stated, that any person of a highly impressible temperament, who will cultivate his faculties for such investigations, may learn to place his hands upon the different portions of the head, to recognize and describe the action of the various organs, and to estimate their relative strength by the impressions which he receives from contact."

The present number of the "Journal of Man" contains also valuable articles entitled "Reichenbach's researches in Magnetism," "Vaughn's discoveries in organic Chemistry," "Cholera, its causes and cure," (written by A. J. Davis, and published originally in this paper,) to which Dr. B. subjoins a review under the title of "Intuitive Science." The "Journal of Man" is published monthly, at No. 7 College Hall, Cincinnati, at \$2 per annum in advance.

THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW. The March Number of this publication has been lying on our table for some time. This is one of those very few periodicals that are entirely untrammelled by party or sectarian influences, and are the free exponents of the sentiments and opinions of free minds. Of the literary and intellectual character of this publication, it is sufficient to say that it is edited by Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson. The following is the table of contents of the present number. "The German Revolution in 1848;" "The Eternity of God;" (a poem) "Discovery of America by the Norsemen;" "character of Mr. Prescott as an historian;" "Oxford Poetry;" "Short Reviews and Notices." Published by Coolidge and Wiley, Boston.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE for March is before us, containing its usual quantity of useful matter, the most important articles, perhaps, being those with the following titles: "The British empire in the East;" "Debts and finances of the States in the Union, with reference to their condition and prosperity;" "Proposed railroad across the Isthmus of Panama;" and "Commercial cities and towns in the United States;" &c.

M. A. T. Our bound volumes (vols. 1st and 2d being bound together) sell at \$2.75.

Poetry.

IMMORTALITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSELUM.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

Oh! say not that Mind is a dim transient beam,
 And the Soul's Immortality only a dream;
 Why were we created, if no destiny high
 Was intended for man but to suffer and die?
 And why was implanted the knowledge sublime
 Of infinite space, and perpetual time?
 Why gifted with reason a few fleeting hours,
 And with restless, unsatisfied, far-reaching powers,
 And high aspirations which earth can not hold,
 And less than eternity can not unfold;
 If the soul with a glance at creation, must sever
 From all that is dear, and be nothing forever?

The holy and all-seeing spirit of Love,
 Is forever around us below and above.
 Confiding henceforth in that spirit to bless,
 With infinite knowledge and pure happiness,
 I will trusting go forth, even down to the grave,
 For the spirit of Love is all mighty to save:
 Believing that somewhere, in infinite space,
 I shall find an eternal and bright resting-place,
 Where bliss never dies and where death can come never,
 And the spirit of love reigns forever and ever.

St. Louis, Mo., JAN., 1849.

GOD'S TRUE TEMPLE.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

Not by vast piles of sculptured stone, uprearing
 Their massive towers and fretted spires on high,
 With splendid pomp and costly pride, appearing
 To scorn the poor and humble passer by:

Not by the rich and swelling congregations
 That daily crowd the broad, luxurious aisles;
 Not by the pulpit's eloquent orations,
 And melody that sense and soul beguiles:

Not by most solemn rites, nor by receiving
 The holy bread and consecrated cup;
 Not by vain doctrines and long creeds believing,
 Do we the temple of our God build up.

For God's true temple is humanity,
 That now unfinished and in ruin lies;
 And we would its divine restorers be,
 And raise it up in glory to the skies.

Wherever weep the enslaved, the poor, the lowly,
 Or fall the tempted, frail and sinful ones;
 There with a purpose high and spirit holy,
 We'll haste to succor these our Father's sons.

And inward purity and love combining,—
 That spirit fair which moved our blessed Lord,—
 Shall build them all, as stones all fair and shining,
 Into a living temple of our God.

And thus shall we, in lofty virtue growing,
 Founded on Jesus as our corner-stone,
 Be pillars of that holy temple showing
 That God's true praise is love of men alone.

THE MILL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Hushed with broad sunlight lies the mill,
 And minuting the long day's loss,
 The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
 Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
 The aspen leaves are scarce astir,
 Only the little mill sends up
 Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
 The road along the mill-pond's brink,
 From 'neath the arching barberry stems,
 My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bonny buttonwood
 The mill's red door swings open wide;
 The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
 Flits past the square of dark, inside.

No mountain torrent's strength is here,
 Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
 Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
 And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
 Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
 Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
 And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
 The quivering millstones hum awlirl,
 Nor how, for every turn are tost
 Armfuls of diamonds and of pearls.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
 With drops of some celestial juice,
 To see how beauty underlies
 Forever more each form of use.

And more: methought I saw that flood
 Which now so dull and darkling steals,
 Thick, here and there, with human blood,
 To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
 Shut in our several cells, do we
 Know with what waste of beauty rare
 Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser day shall come
 When this fine overplus of might,
 No longer sullen, slow and dumb,
 Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the world,
 Life of itself shall dance and play,
 Fresh blood through Time's abrunken veins be hurl'd,
 And labor meet delight half way.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a Freeman:—
 He, at best, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
 Its high promptings under ban,
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But can never be a Man.

[W. D. GALLAGHER.]

Miscellaneous Department.

THE THREE MALEFACTORS.
AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

Translated for the *Univercœlum*, from the French of A. Constant.
BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

CHAPTER III.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Not long afterwards, the rich Seir gave a splendid feast. He had invited to it those whom he considered his friends, and those whom he suspected of being his enemies, and whom he desired to torment with envy.

Much hatred, in fact, was exercised against Seir; for his immense riches caused many to envy him, and his un pitying obduracy excited the enmity of all who were dependent upon him. He was an old bald-headed man with white heavy eyebrows, and a yellowish beard upon a visage of bronze. His origin was a mystery, as was also the source of his treasures. He pretended to have acquired his fortune by trading in distant countries; but the ferocity imprinted upon his features, and the glance of his eye, always ferocious and inquiet, caused all who observed him to suspect that his conscience was tormented by bloody recollections. It was for that reason, perhaps, that he sought to surround himself with Pharisees and Levites, and that none were more punctilious in performing sacrifices than he; as though by the aid of superstition he would have banished the remembrance of former misdeeds.

The table, covered with precious varieties, was set in a hall of marble which opened on all sides into gardens of flowers; the slaves covered it with vessels of gold and silver. The perfumes arose from the rich perfuming vessels, and the players on the harp and flute, robed in white and crowned with flowers, were rolling forth their symphonies to enliven the guests.

Meanwhile the guests began to arrive in multitudes, and while the female slaves were introducing them into the bathing hall to apply water and perfumes to their feet and hands, according to the prevailing rules of hospitality, Seir had retired for a few moments to the remote end of his garden upon a little eminence shaded by a cluster of trees, whence he could survey a portion of his rich domains. There he seated himself and fell into a reverie. He passed his hands over his forehead as if to chase away an unwelcome thought, and then, contemplating with pride the things which surrounded him, and also the splendor of his own vestments, he uttered aloud this exclamation:

"I am justified, for I am rich."

"Seir," answered a voice, "wouldst thou be rich if within a few days thy life should be required of thee?"

The rich man trembled and raised his head like a wounded serpent. He cast his eyes in the direction whence the voice came, and saw near the hedge at the foot of the hill and at the entrance of the little grove, a man who looked upon him, with an eye sad and severe. He recognized in him the prophet of Judea, whom the Scribes and Pharisees called Joschu Bar Joseph.

"What wilt thou, beggar?" cried he. "Why dost thou perform thine enchantments before my garden? Go and exercise thy terrors over silly women. I do not know thee."

"But I know thee, nevertheless," answered the son of Miriam. "Three and thirty years ago, I met in the desert a robber named Oreb; he it was who spoke to me of thee."

"Silence," cried Seir in a half-suppressed voice, leaping toward the prophet. "Silence! What wilt thou have? Darest thou gold?"

"I desire nothing of thee," answered the prophet; "for he who receives impoverishes himself; whilst the most happy man is he who gives: but that is a happiness which thou dost not yet know."

"What wilt thou, then?"

"I will give thee advice."

"Speak, then, provided that thou wilt not pronounce the name which thou hast pronounced."

"Fear not, I will call thee Seir. Listen to what I have to say; Thy possessions are the life of those who have been despoiled, and thou shouldst bestow them upon their legitimate heirs."

"But do I know their names, and can I find their heirs?" said Seir with an expression of impatience.

"Those who possess nothing are the legitimate heirs of those who have been despoiled," said the prophet, "for if there never had been any robbers, there would never have been any poor."

"But many poor people are themselves robbers," said Seir, "for they are indolent, and the indolent steal the bread which they beg."

"God has never made an indolent person," replied the son of Miriam; "but man is made to work as the bird is made to fly through the air. But the labor of man should be fruitful and free, and those who have monopolized the earth to themselves have discouraged labor, and it is these who have promoted indolence by inventing servitude."

"I recognize thee, from those words, as that seditious man who has so justly alarmed our priests and rulers. Beware Galilean!"

"I fear not for myself, for I am ready to return to him who hath sent me, and I would save thy life if I could hope to render thee better."

"Whence arises thy concern for me? Is my life threatened?"

"I owe nothing to Seir; but I owe a pardon to the Arab who thirty years ago would have slain my father and mother in order that he might sell the head of a child to the tetrarch of Galilee. As for that which thou hast it is no longer thine: thou owest it to the orphans and the poor, because thou hast made poor men and orphans. Take care of the poor as if they were thy brethren, and of the orphans as if they were thy children, and thy sins shall be forgiven thee. Make haste to do justice to the first poor person who comes to thee lest a second should come to do justice to himself. Give life to the first, lest the second should come and demand thy life, which thou canst not re-purchase at the price of all thy possessions."

Having said these words, the son of humanity departed, and Seir, in order to banish the disquieting remembrance of this discourse, passed into a private department near the bathing hall, washed his hands, perfumed himself, and having put on his most magnificent robes, he entered the hall of feasting where all the guests had already assembled.

The words of the prophet had wounded Seir's pride. Alone in the presence of that man who seemed to read his heart and his past life, he had trembled; but now in the midst of his luxuries and his flatterers, he scorned the idea of having been alarmed. The Pharisees and priests who had come to the feast, with one accord spoke with indignation of him whom they called the impostor of Galilee, despising him from their hearts. Seir listened to them with a malicious joy, and expressed wonder that the seducer of the people had not yet been brought to justice. The captain of the guards of the temple who was among them, related how the soldiers sent to take Jesus had been disarmed and enervated by the enchantment of his words;—"but I," added he,—"I will arrest him spite of all his magic, the moment I shall have received orders from the pro-consul!"

At this moment there was a disturbance at the door of Seir's house.

"What means this disorder?" demanded Seir of the ruler of his slaves.

The ruler went and inquired, and on returning announced that a miserable being covered with sores lay at the door, whence he could not be driven, because he seemed to have fallen from exhaustion, and had lost the use of his limbs. The rich man turned his head with an expression of disgust.

"Let him be carried away," said he, "by the slaves whose duty it is to carry away filth, and let him be cast out into the valley like a dead dog."

He then ordered the wine cups to be re-filled, and that more perfume should be cast into the perfuming vessels.

"Thou wilt also cause some pastils to be burned before the door," said he to the ruler of the slaves,—"and let the spot which the wretch has defiled be carefully cleansed."

The delicious wines continued to flow at the sound of flutes and lyres; a cloud of perfume mounted to the gilded wainscoting, and the countenances of the guests grew more lively in proportion as the entertainments became more numerous and more animated.

And now the ruler of the slaves re-enters with impetuosity: he is pale with anger, and prostrates himself before Seir.

"Master," said he, "the noise of this feast doubtless attracts these vile people. Scarcely had the leper been carried away when another beggar presented himself at thy door. Neither threats nor blows will cause him to depart: he says he had rather be slain than to die with hunger, and he demands the crumbs which fall from thy table."

"Let him come in," roared Seir with fury; "let him come in, I will give them to him!"

And he seized the richly cushioned bronze stool which supported his feet.

"Let him be permitted to enter; I command it!"

The guests astonished at this fury remained stupefied in their seats. The ruler retired, and in a moment a skeleton covered with rings stood at the door of the hall. His hair and beard were harsh and bristling; his meager visage was of a death-like paleness, and his eyes sunken into their orbits scarcely gleamed with the last fires of despair. On beholding him, Seir could contain himself no longer. He threw the stool with violence, which broke a chandelier but did not hit the mendicant. The ferocious old man sought his cimeter; the guests arose and restrained him; the mendicant remained immovable with his eyes fixed upon Seir. And now he extends his shrunken hand toward the rich man.

"It is he," cried he in a strangled voice; "I am not mistaken, it is he! it is the assassin of Jericho. Captain of the guards, arrest that man; he is a murderer and a robber!"

Seir stopped short as though stricken by a thunderbolt; the tumult was succeeded by a profound silence; the Pharisees looked upon Seir and rejoiced in his embarrassment: they interrogated the mendicant.

"Yes," said he, "it is he who arrested me as I was going from Herschalaïm to Jericho. I had all my fortune with me, consisting of gold and precious stones; I had diamonds to an immense amount. Oh! I have sought him for a long time, but divine justice has at length delivered him into my hands! He left me dying upon the road, and I should have been dead had it not been for the charity of a poor Samaritan traveler.—Arrest the brigand, I entreat you; for, under the assumed name of Seir, and the habiliments of a rich devotee of the faith, he is an Ishmaelite and a murderer. He is one of those malefactors who for so long a time have eluded the pursuit of the pro-consul.—Ask him if he has not been the slave of the robber Johanan, and if his name is not Oreb?"

This was too much for Seir; the portentous words of the prophet seemed to resound through his soul like a trumpet calling to judgment. He cast his eyes fearfully around him, and already read the triumph of hatred upon the countenances of the guests.

"Have mercy," cried he, falling upon his knees and extending his hands toward the mendicant. But already they had cast a veil over his face. The Pharisees, still red with his precious wines, placed their hands upon his head for a testimony against him; the captain of the guards, who held the power of a chief

officer of police, arrested him. "Let him be carried to prison," cried the guests with one accord. The slaves taking advantage of the tumult, commenced plundering the remains of the feast, and whilst Oreb was being carried to prison, they caused the mendicant to be seated in the place of their master, and gave him bread and wine, and listened to the relation of his bloody adventure on the road to Jericho; then they all went with him to assist in the examination of Oreb who had been brought before the pro-consul.

On the road they met a man of a grave and religious appearance who entered with twelve of his friends into an obscure and isolated house to celebrate the feast of the passover: it was the son of Miriam, accompanied by his most faithful followers.

A number of Pharisees who had drawn aside to consult secretly on what had transpired at the house of the rich man, walked at some distance from the slaves; they saw the prophet enter the house in which he had chosen to celebrate the feast; they pointed their fingers at him, shook their heads with menacing glances, and spoke to each other in a low voice.

Meanwhile the sun disappeared behind the western mountains, and darkness came on apace. The serene heavens were illumined by the first stars, and the full moon which presided over the paschal solemnities, already showed her large reddish disk through the mists of the horizon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE MALEFACTORS.

The next day from the dawn of morning, the whole city was full of strange rumors. It was reported that an association of robbers had been surprised; that Seir, one of their chiefs, recognized by a beggar as the ferocious Oreb, had been delivered over to justice: but what excited most astonishment was the report that the prophet of Galilee, at the head of his faithful disciples, had during the night, attacked the guard of the temple, in order to seize upon the city and deliver it over to the bandits of the desert, by whose aid, as it was said, he hoped to be proclaimed king.

Those who had heard and understood the pacific discourses of the son of Miriam, placed no credence in these reports disseminated among the multitude. However, it appeared certain that the prophet, arrested during the night, was confined in the palace of Caiaphas the high priest.

The multitude rushed toward the judgment hall, where Oreb was brought before the tribunal to receive his sentence.

Numerous groups formed in the vicinity of the palace of Caiaphas, and were harangued by the Pharisees.

On a stone seat without the outer court, was seated a man of the people weeping, who appeared neither to see nor hear the passers by. The Pharisees pointed their fingers at him:

"Hold," said they to the people, "behold the fisherman Bar Jonah repenting that he has followed that impostor: he has declared that he did not know him: but his repentance will not cleanse his impurities; he shall no longer be received into the synagogue."

Those who passed by stopped and listened to his defence: but they were advised to hasten onward, because the prefect Pontius was going to sit early that day in the judgment hall.

"We must witness the trial of Oreb," said they: "the Galilean doubtless will next be brought before the pro-consul."

It was not yet the third hour of the day, and already an immense multitude thronged the paved entrance to the judgment hall: they awaited the prefect Pontius.

He soon appeared upon the terrace of the building accompanied by his factors. He was a fleshy plethoric man, with a pale and sickly countenance. The dangerous favoritism of Tiberius had gnawed into his heart like a cancer. Indifferent to every thing but his servile and feverish ambition, he despised others in priding himself that he was a Roman: and he had a particu-

lar disgust for the Jews who had become the slaves of the Roman emperors after having enjoyed their liberty during the Roman republic.

He seated himself negligently upon the tribunal, and demanded of the apparitor what were the cases to be adjudicated.

"After the brigand, a seditious person will be brought forward, who proclaims himself King of the Jews," said the apparitor.

Pontius shrugged his shoulders.

"They should chain their madmen," said he, "and not bring them here to be judged. Bring hither the brigand Oreb and his accusers."

A door now opened at the extremity of the hall, and some soldiers of the Roman guard dispersed the crowd and opened the passage. Oreb, despoiled of his rich vestments, and with his hands bound behind his back, was brought before the pro-consul, and those who had observed him while seated at his table, came to bear witness against him. A brigand named Barabbas who had recognized Oreb while with him in prison, came forth and recounted to the shuddering people the crimes which he and Oreb had committed together. Barabbas became an informer in the hope to receive mercy, and Pontius, faithful to the customs of the court of Tiberius, promised to recommend him to the favor of the people on the occasion of the feast of the passover.

The deposition of the wounded man of Jericho, and the recital of his sufferings, were then given. Sheltered at first by a poor inhabitant of Samaria, he had been obliged at the death of his benefactor, to seek another asylum: but the priests repelled him, calling him a Samaritan, because he had accepted the hospitalities of a schismatic. He had wandered into the desert seeking to encounter assassins, and hoping that his miseries might thus be ended. He sought particularly him who had been the author of all his miseries, so that he might either die by his hands or be avenged upon him. He had described him to all the brigands whom he had met, and finally had been told by a mendicant like himself, that his aggressor could be none other than the ferocious Oreb, slave of the robber Johanan surnamed the Vulture.

It was known how, in the midst of a feast, Oreb, grown rich by his robberies, had been recognized by his victim. The Pharisees and Levites gave testimony to the rage and confusion of the pretended Seir, and they all, according to the Jewish custom, placed their hands upon the head of the culprit to devote him to punishment; and Pontius pronounced sentence that he should on that very day be crucified at Golgotha, declaring his possessions confiscated for the benefit of the emperor.

"How, then, shall I obtain justice?" said the wounded man of Jericho. "Do I desire the blood of that man, if you perpetuate the evil which he has done me? What crime have I committed toward the emperor for which he should condemn me to die of hunger? I demand justice of my judges."

"Remove that beggar," said Pontius to his lictors.

And the wounded man of Jericho was abruptly expelled from the enclosure of the lithostrotos, whilst Oreb and Barabbas were conducted through the door by which they had entered the hall.

"Oh! I will hide myself in the desert, and become an assassin like Oreb, since there is no longer any justice among men," cried the unhappy man, contorting his arms with rage.

"Thou deceivest thyself," said a man of savage aspect who within a few moments had approached him. "It is only true that justice is not always found among those who judge and condemn: it exists in the hearts of those who are free, and who have courage to die. Stay thee a moment, and justice shall be rendered thee."

On saying these words, the man leaped into the enclosure of the tribunal.

"Johanan, the Vulture has here been spoken of," said he addressing himself to Pontius; "has not a talent of gold been promised to him who shall deliver him alive?"

"Yes," answered the pro-consul.

"It is well! I will claim that recompense, and I will bestow it upon that man," said he in pointing to the wounded man of Jericho: "I who am Johanan the robber. I am responsible for the crimes of Oreb, since I made him my slave instead of delivering the earth of him; for I ought to have perceived that the wretch only turned brigand in order to become rich!"

At the sight of this formidable man, who offered to the chains his hands armed with claws, the lictors shrank back with terror, and no one dared to touch him. Johanan came voluntarily before them, and permitted himself to be chained without resistance. The name of the terrible robber was well known, and no one was ignorant of his crimes. Pontius in haste to finish the matter, pronounced upon him the same sentence which he had pronounced upon Oreb, and declared that the same executioner should despatch them both. It is not known whether the talent of gold was faithfully paid to the wounded man of Jericho, who wept and blessed Johanan.

Pontius was about to retire, when a great murmuring compelled his attention, and reminded him that he had one judgment yet to render. The servants of Caiaphas the high priest, surrounded by a throng of Pharisees and soldiers of the temple, dragged along with atrocious vociferations, a man whose dishevelled hair concealed his face, and whose disordered garments were covered with blood.

"Who is that man?" said Pontius with disgust.

"He is the false prophet! he is the Galilean," shouted all voices.

"Let him then be conducted to the tetrarch of Galilee," said Pontius. And he arose and retired.

"To the palace of the tetrarch!" cried the populace. And the multitude rushed around those who conducted the prophet.

An hour afterwards the carpenter of the judgment hall brought three new crosses and placed them at the door of the prison, and furious shouts resounded before the tribunal of Pontius before whom the populace had again brought their victim.

The executioners on horseback rode toward Golgotha, passing through the gate called the judgment gate, for it was the custom to write upon it the sentence of criminals.

The crowd before the lithostrotos was so dense, and the noise which they made so great, that it was impossible to hear what was said.

There was only seen for an instant upon a terrace, something bloody, which resembled a man clothed in purple rags: then the multitude uttered ferocious shouts.

And now a slave brings in some water, and the pro-consul washes his hands.

CHAPTER V.

THE JUSTICE OF MAN AND THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

Golgotha was a hill east of Herschalaïm, or Jerusalem. It was separated from the city by an accursed valley in which were cast the dead bodies of animals and of executed malefactors. Bleached skulls and fetid bones appeared here and there among the scattered stones of the hill of execution.

It was now near the sixth hour of the day. The Roman executioners were seated near two crosses which were lying at the foot of the hill, and on the inclined road which led to the summit of Mariah. The third cross had not been brought, because the condemnation of Jeshu, or Jesus, the Galilean was not yet known.

The sun which had shone brightly all the morning, now became pale. On the road which passed over the side of the mountain was seen a multitude of Jews who came to Jerusalem to celebrate the passover, while others came forth from the city to

witness the crucifixion of the condemned; and the confused multitudes mingling with each other in uttering strange voices and melancholy rumors, while their countenances borrowed an unearthly tinge from the pale light of the sun,—seemed like an assemblage of phantoms.

"All at once the torrent of those who were passing through the judgment gate was arrested. Some soldiers guarded the passage; and the report spread rapidly that it was Jesus the false prophet, whose sentence of death was written upon the gate of the city, according to the custom of the Hebrews.

A moment afterward the multitude, driven back by the soldiers, spread over the hill, and soon two men, conducted by a guard, appeared with hands bound behind their backs. These were Oreb who, reeling from side to side, could scarcely support himself, and Johanan who walked with a steady step, occasionally looking back and viewing with sorrow him who followed behind them.

A little distance behind, the Jews with foaming malice dragged along a man pale and all soiled with blood and dust, and who, bending at each step, almost seemed to be climbing the hill upon his hands and knees. A trace of blood marked his passage; the populace looked upon him with horror and loaded him with maledictions, because he was horribly disfigured and failed in strength to move forward. There were only a few women who sympathized with him; and among these one might have been observed who did not weep, and who followed the condemned man as closely as the executioners would permit her. That woman was pale as one dead; the contraction of all the muscles of her face was fearful to behold; and yet if one had met and comprehended her regards fixed entirely upon the prophet and the traces of blood which he left behind him, he would have been astonished to find, instead of a melancholy despair, all the energy of faith and the celestial radiance of eternal hope. She was the greatest of all women, and the most sublime of mothers, and she it was whom we have called "Miriam" after the manner of the Orientals, but whom the world has since called Mary. Next to her walked John, the intimate friend and confidant of Jesus. He alternately looked upon the mother and the son, and then his eyes became fixed and contemplative, and he seemed to catch a glimpse of the infinite worlds. The tears upon his burning eyelids now became dry, and his half-opened lips trembled with deep and lofty emotion.

A man from the country who had been stopped at the gate of Jerusalem, was charged with the cross prepared for Jesus. The son of Mary had himself carried it from the judgment hall to the gate of the city, but there it had fallen to his feet and he could not again raise it; and it was found necessary to relieve him of his burden.

The sun grew more and more pale, and the day had become greyish like the twilight of a winter's morning.

"What crime has that man committed?" was asked of a Pharisee by a stranger from the country who had come to Jerusalem.

The Pharisee was an old man who prided himself upon his moderation and his wisdom. He reflected carefully before answering the stranger. At length he answered in a voice of which he endeavored to soften the accent:

"That man is a victim of his own ambition and folly. . . . He has conceived a hatred to mankind, and in order to make them destroy each other, he has invented a new religion. He has also brought the sword upon the earth. He has left nothing untried in order to corrupt the ancient faith which the Jewish nation still holds. He predicted to some men of no character and to some vain women, the destruction of the temple and the city; he hoped thus to create a party, whom he wished to attach to himself by the most horrible mysteries, as it is well known that in order to cause them whom he abused to love him, he made them drink his blood. He flattered the evil passions of those

who discourage religion and good morals; he loved the society of publicans and harlots, among whom he ate, drank, and perfumed his hair. He thus outraged every thing that is to be revered, and would have placed man above the law, as though the law did not come from Jehovah himself! But thou seest that the people are not yet corrupted, for they have themselves demanded the condemnation of that imposter, and they load him with maledictions to the hour of his death."

At this moment a profound silence pervaded the multitude; and a few strokes of the hammer accompanied with mingling shrieks and groans were heard.

The three crosses were reared, supporting three bodies covered with blood. Mary's eyes wore the expression of death; a cold sweat rolled down her forehead, and she seemed to be dying, but she stood erect.

Oreb was crucified at the left of Jesus, and Johanan at the right.

Mary stood at the foot of the cross of her son, and the wounded man of Jericho stood, as a last friend, near the cross of Johanan. Oreb had loved no one during his life, and done good to no one before his death; he died alone, writhing upon the cross with the most desperate efforts.

"If thou art the son of God, save thyself, and save us!" cried he to Jesus.

"Oreb," answered Johanan, "persist not in thy wickedness. There is another justice than the justice of men, since the just die like we!—Master," said he, addressing himself to Jesus, "when will be ushered in the age of liberty and supreme justice?"

"To thee," said Jesus, "it will commence this day. Until this time the gate of death alone has been to man the entrance to the kingdom of God: it will continue to be so until the doctrine of Fraternity and Association, which I came to announce, shall have received its accomplishment here below."

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN TURKEY.

THE *Constantinople Journal* gives some curious details regarding a city said to have been discovered in Asia Minor by Dr. Brunner, one of the agents employed by the Government of the Sublime Porte of the Empire for the purpose of taking a census. While occupied in exploring the *sandjak* (excavations) of Bousouk, on the confines of Pontus, Cappadocia, and Galatia, Dr. Brunner, whose attention was attracted by the bold and curious passages opened into the living rock, was accosted by a villager, who offered to show him things far more interesting on the other side of the mountain if he would trust to his guidance. After some hesitation, the Doctor armed himself, and followed his guide, taking his servant with him. Half an hour brought them round the mountain, and then the Doctor found himself, says the narrative, in presence of the ruins of a considerable town. These ruins are situated in the south-east of the village of Yankeui, and to the north of the village of Tschèque, half a league from each other; and the Doctor's profound study of all the accounts, ancient and modern, of Asia Minor, furnishes no trace by which he can identify them. The site of the town is half a league in length. It contains seven temples with cupolas and two hundred and eighteen houses, some in good preservation, others half choked up with their own ruins and with vast fragments of rock detached from the overhanging mountain. The houses have compartments of three, four, and six chambers. The largest of these edifices is twenty feet long by twenty-eight wide. So far as the ruins would permit the Doctor to estimate, he conjectured the height of some of the temples to be from twenty to thirty feet. There are traces of plaster on the interior walls, but not an emblem or indication, says Dr. Brunner, to suggest the origin or date of the ruined city. Dr. Brunner proposes his deserted city as a puzzle for the Archaeologists.

HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

These springs are one among the wonders of creation. They are worth a travel of many hundred miles merely to look at. They are located in Hot Spring county, fifty-five miles west of Little Rock, on a creek which empties into the Washita river, six miles distant, in latitude 34 1-2. The creek which rises in the mountains some four miles above, winds its way between two hills, running north and south, with a valley between, which is in some places fifty and some one hundred yards wide. On the side of one of the hills, which is very precipitous, and rises to the height of four hundred feet, the Hot Springs break out in various positions from the margin of the creek to the summit of the hill. The number of Springs is said to be about seventy-five or eighty, within a space of five hundred yards, but the number is not uniform, new springs breaking out, and old ones filling up. There are numerous cold water springs within a few yards of the hot ones. The heat of the water is sufficient to scald a hog or fowl, to boil eggs or wash clothes, without the aid of fire.

The creek is so much heated by the springs, that horses and cattle will not drink of it for a mile below. The United States claim the hot springs as a reservation; individuals claim them under pre-emption. The consequence is, that only temporary improvements are made, or will be made, until the title is confirmed. These Springs are destined to attract great attraction for their invaluable healing properties, as well as a natural curiosity. In the same vicinity is the Magnetic Cave, a large bed of magnetic rock, and the Crystal Mountain, where beautiful crystals of various forms are found. In several of the mountains are found the best quarries of whetstone known in the United States. Accommodations for invalids are greatly increased within the present year. (NASHVILLE WHIG.

THE MERCHANT AND THE QUAKER.

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into Court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated; using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error, but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs—"Tell that rascal I'm not at home." The Quaker looking toward him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should suppress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may be, was benefited by the example.

Smokes wroughes up into the eternal blue as beautifully when proceeding from a vile tobacco pipe, as when piously ascending from incense burnt in admiration of the Gods.—*Intrinsically* they go up alike; but *their occasions* make them appear different to us.

[CHARLES WORTH.

PERFECTION OF NATURE.—Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a solar microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar, but the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits every where the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The thread of a fine lawn seems coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. How magnificent is the system of nature!

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AND

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FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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